

THE GOVERNESS;

OR,

DOING AS WE'D BE DONE BY.

A SKETCH FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MISS CORNELIA J. ORME.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Porter Potts was one of those characters very often drawn by the novelist, but seldom met with in actual life. From a certain assumed sympathy and feigned cordiality of manner, she had won the appellation of "quite a sweet woman"—though some of her friends had discerned in her case, the truth of the proverb that "no sweet is without its bitter." She was like Dickens' Mrs. Skewton, "all heart and all that sort of thing;" her sensibilities were exquisitely acute, and she was ready at a moment's warning to spread the handkerchief of sympathy and open the pearl-casket of her tears. Yet candor obliges us to admit that Mrs. Porter Potts was "made rather for *outside show*." In her days of early bloom she had "learned the art, at proper times, to scream and start;" and now it had become second nature to act the tender part. Ambition was, I am sorry to say, Mrs. Porter Potts' ruling passion—her dream by night, her study all the day. The aggrandizement of her children was the end ever in view, and this end she pursued as assiduously as if 'twere her "Country's, God's and Truth." Contempt of inferiors, and adoration of the great, were the lessons that began in the nursery; strengthening with the bud, and maturing with the blossom. The moment her daughters left school, an icy barrier was placed between them and certain of their former companions. Those with whom they had sat at the same desk for years, who had assisted in their tasks, and shared in each juvenile sport, were now passed by in the street without a nod of recognition, while Miss A. and Miss D., mere acquaintances of a day, were saluted with the most extravagant expressions of delight, and petted and caressed into being sociable. Like the Chinese, Whang, of whom Goldsmith tells us, they always answered in the affirmative when asked if they knew such and such persons of consequence; but if any information were desired of an humble friend, the Misses Potts forthwith became ignorantly innocent as a lamb! Mrs. Porter Potts often spoke of her dear cousin, Major Scott, or "a charming relative—Judge Walbridge, out-West"—(both of whom were rather apocryphal,) but she was at no pains to inform her friends of the existence of a certain uncle, who followed the plebeian occupation of tanning; and her silence, perhaps, was most prudent, for the smell of tan might have offended the delicate organs of the patricians!

Mr. Potts, in regard to whose existence we shall hasten to relieve our readers of any doubts our silence may have engendered, was a gentleman! Yes, indisputably a gentleman—for he might have pointed to a genealogical tree weighed down with its pride of ancestry, and exalted in the possession of a coat of arms that had done service on the family coach, as late as the times of George the Second. With these ancestral honors clustering around him, he had bidden adieu to Britain and

its nobility, and in the hope of bettering his fast-decaying fortunes, sought a home among the "nation of dollars and cents." His anticipations were very shortly realized, for after a month's sojourn at Saratoga, he had the satisfaction of impressing an heiress most favorably with his foreign air, and "that love of a moustache;" the result of which impressibility was, that Hymen was soon called upon to rivet the chain which Cupid was supposed to have forged.

Miss Jane Editha Jones was the only child of a worthy mechanic, who, by unremitting toil and close hoarding, had managed to accumulate an estate that a nabob might have envied.

An independent, care-for-naught man, was honest old Jacob Jones, but very different was his daughter. One term at a fashionable boarding-school had completely transmogrified her, as the father said, and he half-repented of a gentility that cost so much. She grew arrogant and supercilious, even to her only parent; former scenes and associates excited the most unequivocal disgust, and the old gentleman was not sorry when a visit to the Springs provided her with another protector.

After her marriage and the death of her father, all her energies were directed to "getting into society;" a purpose that her husband's known rank and her own reputed wealth strongly aided, and at last accomplished, even to an admittance to the "exclusives"—which in her wildest dreams of ambition she had never dared hope would be anything less than a forbidden circle to her. But when she had succeeded in this "one idea," it was quite exemplary to behold with what ease and *naturalness* she accustomed herself to the change, and amusing it must have been to the reverencer of pedigree to listen to her unsparing comments upon "mushroom aristocracy," and witness the pertinacity with which she resisted all innovations from the parvenues!

"For my part," she would say, "I would sooner live in a titled country, and have a monarch to reign over me, than in one where *everybody* is liable to be exalted over one's head."

In fact, her tastes were all English, baronial and distinguished, and even evinced themselves in the selection of her children's names. Her eldest was a *Milton*, (she had heard him lauded as a *British Bard*,) though to tell the truth, she could not help thinking his works *insufferably dull*. The next son was a Wellington—the "Duke" she always called him from babyhood: one daughter was a *Victoria Regia*, another named after dear Lord Byron's Thyrza, and the third and last had been christened after the heroine of an old English novel.

And an interesting family was that of Mrs. Porter Potts. As for her children, the judicious mamma considered them perfection, and who would undertake to appeal from a mother's judgment?

Milton was following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, and trying hard to rival the poetic celibré after whom he was named; the Duke was studying for the military profession, already considering himself Wellington in nature as well by name; Victoria was the Queen of Beauty; Thyrza was a la Byron style exact, and Lolina was a

perfect prodigy for her years! And then, too, Mr. Porter Potts' wife's husband was a model of that domestic relation. Altogether a more unpretending man never drank claret, or snored away existence. Affable, generous, and do-nothing, he might have stood for Honeywell, in the comedy of the Good-Natured Man. He was not the impolitic monster who contends a point with his "better half"—though for this trait we must not allow him too much credit, as we are inclined to think it merely the result of an habitual indolence which made him dread coming into contact with any one at the risk of his equanimity or convenience. Not always, however, was this the case, for though physically indolent, he was far from being *tongue-tied* when from home; indeed some of his friends had averred he could spin a yarn long enough to knit a stocking, and an ill-natured fellow had been known to exclaim—"Save me from imperturbable Potts—he will talk me deaf, dumb and blind!"

Such was Mrs. Porter Potts, such Mr. Porter Potts, and such collectively the "rising generation" who clustered around them!

CHAPTER II.

"Lend me the paper, my dear," said Mrs. Porter Potts one morning, as her amiable cara sposa lounged back from the breakfast-table to inspect the "Daily News."

Mr. Potts, like a good child, did as he was bidden, and amused himself by mathematically demonstrating how many drops a tea-spoon will hold without running over, while his "beloved one" glanced over the list of marriages and deaths.

"Why, really!" suddenly exclaimed the lady; "this is quite overpowering;" and in a voice that might have "overpowered" with its loudness, she read the following notice:

"At Ingleside, near Baltimore, Md., Hereford Ingle, Esq., in the fifty first year of his age."

"Ah! is it possible!" drawled the husband; while Mrs. Potts soliloquised, "Well, truly may it be said, 'in the midst of life we are in death,'—hand me a bit of toast, my love. A more robust man I never beheld than poor uncle; length of days seemed impressed upon every lineament of his hardy countenance. Ah! how sad, how heart-rending to be cut off—(a slice of the steak if you please)—so suddenly in the prime of life."

"When scarce is seized some valued prize,
And duties press and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
Alas! how hard it is to die!"

broke in Milton.

"He was an excellent man—that I must own," continued Mrs. P.; "notwithstanding there was so little congeniality between us. He was too democratic in his tastes, too much addicted to amalgamating among the ordinary, to suit my ideas; still he was an honest man as ever trod the earth."

"An honest man's the noblest work of God," edged in Milton.

"And I always respected him," resumed the mamma, "though our differences of opinion precluded much love. Well—he is better off, I trust. I wonder what property he leaves. Replenish the coffee-pot, Betty; I think another cup would do

me good—anything like this shatters my nerves dreadfully. I can scarcely handle my knife—Thyrza, darling, butter me a roll. 'Tis bad to be so easily agitated—but I always had unfortunate nerves."

Wellington, who was spending his vacation at home, much to the annoyance of Miss Victoria, whom it was his sole amusement to tease, sprang up at this stage of the proceedings, and went off humming:

"Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madame Blaise."

"Shall we go in mourning, ma?" asked Milton. "The idea!" laughed the young ladies.

"We have been like strangers so long, that it would be preposterous to blazon out the relationship now," said Mrs. Potts; "besides, I believe he leaves a daughter, that such an acknowledgment might render troublesome to us. Yes, indeed, I had almost forgotten Emma—she must be quite grown."

"By the way, my dear wife," said Mr. Potts courageously, "suppose we invite her here for a while—I expect her father died insolvent, for I have heard lately that his securityship for a friend had ruined him, and I am sure it would be nothing more than kindly to offer the poor girl a temporary home with us."

"Really, Mr. Potts," made answer his amiable lady, "you are very kind with what don't belong to you! If it were *your* means instead of *mine*, perhaps you would not be quite so generous."

"Hang me if I ever marry an heiress again," muttered the provoked husband.

"I shall not be so obliging as to give you a chance, most excellent sir," retorted the wife.

"She would be no extra expense, I am sure," ventured Mr. Potts, cooling down and returning to the charge.

"None at all," remarked Milton, by way of a strengthener.

Mrs. Potts reflected some time; at last she observed, "I think I shall offer Mamselle's place to her. Ina detests Mamselle, and she *must* have a governess, for I can't trust her at school; so I'll see if Emma Ingle will answer. 'And if 'tis to be done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly.' I am no scribe; the girls are engaged; so, my son, you can write, and the sooner she comes the more time there will be for her to assist with Thyrza's bridal clothes."

"Oh, these women!" was the sotto voce exclamation of Mr. Potts, while Milton inwardly ejaculated, "I wish mamma were not quite so selfish."

The letter was soon written, but did not suit. It was not business-like and to the purpose. Sundry times did the inexorable mamma clip the wings of the poor poet's Pegasus, and lop off the sprigs of sentiment which he had managed to intersperse with the matter-of-fact lady's unadorned ideas,—the condolence upon the uncle's death, which had actually cost the writer tears of sympathy, and in its place, a cold allusion made. The whole was, however, worded as delicately as possible, and finally dispatched as suitable. By return mail, the following answer was received.

"MY DEAR COUSIN—Your kind note reached me this morning, and I thus early attempt a re-

ply, though the freshness of my grief renders any allusion to the irreparable bereavement I am mourning, more painful than words can tell. None but those who have suffered similarly can sympathize with the feelings of a mourner; and mine seem peculiarly severe—one sorrow following closely upon the other, and giving me the bitter lot of *complete orphanage*. Only one short year has passed since my beloved mother's death; and now, before the spring flowers have blossomed upon her grave, my dear father is laid to rest beside her—leaving me alone, all alone in this wide world. I have kind friends here, indeed, but what bosom can pillow the head with a mother's softness—what hand can guide with a father's tender watchfulness and care! God alone can fill *this* aching void, and to Him I appeal for strength to bear the blow His providence has seen fit to inflict. But I can venture no further on this subject. My heart must bleed in silence. In regard to your proposal that I should take charge of your little daughter's education; though feeling sensibly my youth and inexperience for such an undertaking, I thankfully accept it, and will endeavor to fulfil my part conscientiously. I will come to you when I am more composed, and have allowed myself some little time for the indulgence of my sorrow; and I am sure my father's relative will bestow some of her affection upon his desolate child."

"A beautiful and touching letter," said Milton. "A great many unnecessary words," grumbled his mother, flinging the tear-blotted sheet into the glowing grate.

CHAPTER III.

"What have we here?" exclaimed Miss Victoria, one morning, as she peeped through the drawing-room blinds on hearing a carriage draw up to the door. "Faugh! Our country cousin that we are to be bored to death with, I suppose. Let's take items—a rusty, dusty, musty old barouche, that looks like a cotemporary with Noah's ark; a piece of antique service, in the shape of a darkey, whose name *should* be Ned, and who is of an age to have 'died long, long ago'—one trunk behind, and one in front. (Mon patience, where on earth can the girl have gotten all that baggage!) and I'll warrant boxboxes, and parcels enough inside for an old maid. But, stop, the most important piece of luggage is being lifted out. Not weighty, any how. What a diminutive! Why, she must be either a child or a dwarf! She certainly can't reach my shoulder." And the young lady drew herself up to her full height, and gave a passing glance of admiration to the mirror, before returning to her post of observation. "She stoops, too. Indeed, I'm inclined to think she is deformed. What a figure! and the *deepest* of deep mourning, not even relieved by a bit of white collar. Oh! I'm sure I shall have the horrors every time I look at her. I can't bear black—it gives one the idea of darkness and death. Ugh! I wish everybody would adopt the Chinese mourning, and wear white when their relatives take it into their heads to 'shuffle off this mortal coil.'"

Here the entrance of the object of Miss Victo-

ria's strictures caused a pause in that young lady's unning commentaries.

Emma Ingle was indeed a fairy figure; and as she threw back her veil, a pale, sad countenance revealed itself; but one, which despite the marks of grief, was very, very beautiful. This fact, however, was not to prepossess her relatives: all Mrs. Potts' sympathy with beauty was reserved for her own daughters, and *they* had enough to do to admire their own charms. Her presence was only acknowledged by a cold curtsy from the girls, accompanied by a stare of curiosity from Miss Victoria, which lasted until the appearance of her mother. Upon her entrance, Emma sprang forward, and held up her lips to those of her stately cousin, who in return gave her hand a scarcely perceptible pressure, and begged her to be seated with a "don't-know-you" sort of a manner, that chilled the poor girl's heart, while it caused a flush of mortification to crimson up her wan features.

"She cannot have been apprised of my arrival," was the thought that succeeded, and she found courage to say, "You are not aware, perhaps, dear cousin, that I am Emma Ingle."

"Oh, yes," was the answer; "I *am* aware of that fact, and permit me to say, I am happy to see you. You will allow me to introduce my daughters. Miss Ingle, the Misses Potts."

A repetition of bows followed, after which Mrs. Potts expressed her hope that "Miss Ingle had a pleasant journey."

Emma was near replying with a flood of tears, such was her disappointment at a reception so different from what she had expected, when her thoughts were directed into a different channel, by an addition to the family party, in the form of a young gentleman in a crimson dressing-gown, embroidered slippers, and collar *a la Byron*, holding in one hand a crumpled manuscript, in the ink-stained fingers of the other, a "goose's quill"—somewhat the worse for use.

"I have learned your arrival, and excuse me, if in the excess of my pleasure I hastened to greet you, before divesting myself of my negligé, or laying aside the implements of my mental labor. Suffer me to give you a poet's welcome to the hospitalities of our mansion."

And after the delivery of this neat and appropriate address, Mr. J. Milton Potts, having previously bowed, hastened to place his pen behind his ear, and advance for a more cordial salutation. At this scene, the mamma reddened with anger, the daughters tittered, while Emma, (at first disposed to regard this as some new insult, had penetration enough to discover that the bombast was well meant in reality, and that she had before her an original) found composure enough to answer with civility the florid harangue.

"Do you play?" asked Miss Victoria, interrupting a remark of her brother's.

"I have taken lessons on the harp and piano," said Emma.

"Piano and harp? You should have confined yourself to *one* instrument if you wished to be a proficient. But I suppose you'll answer for Ina's first preceptress. Do you understand French, Italian and German?"

"I can converse in French, but only translate in the other languages."

"Of course you draw and paint?" queried the indefatigable catechist, in a voice that said plainly "of course you *do not*."

"I do," said Emma. The young lady was chagrined that the country-girl should possess accomplishments superior to herself.

"You do not dance?" she asked, as a last effort.

"No," was the simple reply.

"I knew it," triumphantly exclaimed Miss Victoria. "I knew you could not have learned to dance, from your manner of entering the room."

"I do not agree with Chesterfield that dancing is an *essential* accomplishment," remarked Emma.

"Perhaps you consider yourself graceful enough without it," was the ill-natured rejoinder.

"But had you beheld the figure you cut upon your *entree* just now, you would lose no time in gaining Monsieur Delroche's assistance."

"You must not mind my sister," interposed the really amiable Milton—"she is a great tease, and must have her jest, though she should recollect that Young says, 'At thy friend's expense be wise, but not witty.'"

"Oh, suspend your everlasting quotations," was the tacty retort—"I wish you had sense enough to admit of an occasional original remark."

"I grant that original remarks from some lips are neither edifying nor euphonious," responded the nettled poet.

"Victoria, my love, you have not practised your waltzes this morning; and Milton, my son, you are losing time from your poem," interrupted the politic mamma, who did not care to have an exhibition of temper just then; and turning to Emma, she observed—

"Your travel must have fatigued you, Miss Ingle. I will have you shown to your room;" and so saying, she hurried out, in the midst of a deafening overture from Miss Victoria, who seemed determined to take vengeance on the unoffending piano keys.

The polite Milton accompanied Miss Ingle to the door, and then returning to gather up his manuscripts, took his departure to his sanctum sanctorum, without compromising his dignity by any further exchange of words with his irreful sister.

"Well," observed Mrs. Porter Potts, after having introduced her young relative into a small, and scantily furnished apartment, "I hope you will make yourself comfortable, Miss Ingle. Your duties will be light—you will find your little charge remarkably intelligent, though somewhat wayward, and I think, upon the whole, you will have reason to be pleased with your new home. But my rules for your future conduct will be more fully explained some other time; to-day I am very much engaged. My son-in-law that is to be is expected to dine with us, and will bring two of the gentlemen who will serve as groomsmen. They are all officers, and it will be a gay little party. As of course you do not wish to see company, you can remain in your room, and your dinner will be sent up."

Emma merely bowed in token of having heard, and when the door closed upon her arrogant rela-

tive, she threw herself upon the bed, and gave way to feelings that were only more violent from having been long repressed.

Poor Emma! this was indeed a bitter contrast to the affection she had ever been accustomed to. An only child, she had been a cherished flower upon whom a breath must not blow too rudely, or the sun look down with too warm a smile. And now, suddenly thrown into the harsher atmosphere of strangers, and repelled where her bosom had leaped to find some kindred pulse, her sensitive spirit shrank like the mimosa, and recoiled overwhelmed with its keenness of disappointment. Could those haughty ones have gazed within that spirit, and beheld all its woe, mayhap their frozen hearts might "weep their ice away."

But well has the philosopher said, "In the female heart, envious eyes too often look, and rarely the indulgent. Pitying eyes would there find wounds that every day cut deeper, and a world of stifled sighs."

"Oh! my mother, my mother!" she sobbed, and her heaving heart seemed breaking with its anguish.

Ah, how many an orphaned one, who has tested the cold charities of the world, sends up the same piteous cry, "Mother, mother, mother!" And that plaintive cry is but the more emphatic because we *feel—oh, so deeply—that never again* shall that step come near to comfort, that eye to beam all its tenderness for us, that hand to wipe away the tear-drops, that breast to confide in and to lean upon, that lip to soothe with its accents of sweetness and affection! "Never, for ever—for ever, never!"

Long the young girl lay writhing and struggling in the deep waters of grief; but peace came at last—not the stillness of despair, not the calmness of worn-out emotion, but the gentle breathing upon the spirit, as when Jesus said "Peace, be still."

The struggle was past, but she lay with clasped hands still, and the big drops diamonding her drooping lashes, when the door was thrown open, and a fair child bounded into the room. As soon as she saw that Emma was lying down, she paused, and, with a finger on her lip, stood tip-toe, peeping inquisitively up at her. Emma watched her through her half-closed eyes, until a smile came irresistibly, and then she raised up, and spoke. The little creature's eyes and heels were both levelled to the floor instantly, but she was not long abashed, and soon sidling up, with a pretty curtsy, held out her hand, saying, quite cordially—

"How do you do, Miss Governess?"

Emma's manner and appearance must have been very engaging, for Miss Ina, after a few more advances, completed the acquaintance by taking a seat on her lap, and playing with her unbound hair, that fell in a golden shower down to her very waist.

"You are not ugly, like Mamselle," she said, naively, "and you haven't got any red paint on your cheeks, and you don't look like you *could* scold and whip me, and I am going to love you very much, if you will let me. Mayn't I?"

"Yes, little darling," replied Emma, "and I am sure I shall love you."

Ina was clinging round her neck in a moment, and raining kisses all over her face. The orphan girl looked up with gratitude, and could not forbear murmuring, with tears in her eyes—

"I am not *all* desolate. *Here* is something to love."

"What makes you cry so?" asked the child, anxiously, "and what makes you wear this ugly, black frock? Did anybody die that you loved?"

"You would not understand me, dear little girl, if I told you that I had no father and no mother, now."

"Where are they gone away to?" interrupted the child, unconscious of the pain she was giving, and looking up eagerly into the face that bent over her.

"They are in Heaven, beyond that blue sky you see there," said Emma.

"And that is the reason you keep looking up there, just like the picture-saint in the Pope's church, only your eyes are the *beautifullest*."

And the little girl nestled closer to her new friend, with a kind of feeling that partook of reverence as well as love.

"Well, I see Ina has become quite familiar, already," observed Mrs. Potts, just then entering the room. "This is Miss Ingle, dearest—your governess; and you must let her see what a smart girl you are to learn."

"Oh, I love *her*, and I'm going to be good for her, always," cried the child.

"Go down, and see what Fido is doing, my pet," said the mother, in a slightly altered tone, for she was not pleased at the child's early fondness for the "poor cousin."

"No, I won't," pouted Ina, "I am going to stay here with this lady."

"But you shall do as I desire," said the offended mamma, and she led her from the room, struggling and screaming with passion.

Emma understood the affectionate but passionate child, and knew intuitively how to manage judiciously such a disposition, as time will prove.

CHAPTER IV.

"Come, Victoria, my love, leave the glass to its own reflections for awhile, and tell me how you succeed with Morton. Have you brought him to a proposal yet?"

"Brought him to a proposal?" echoed the daughter, indignantly. "You talk as if I were obliged to use art. No, I leave that for manoeuvring mammas. 'Tis sufficient for me to *know* that he adores me, without forcing him into an explanation, as the duellists say."

"Yes, but, my dear," interposed the cautious mother, "though this inexplicitness may be borne by you, it won't answer for other people. Morton has been paying you attention quite long enough without coming to a definite proposal, and I have no idea he should supercede others fully as eligible."

"As for what other people say," was the independent rejoinder, "I care not a sou. I would not discard him for any suitor the whole universe could produce. He is as superior to the butterflies that flutter around me as the sun is to a

farthing candle, and his mind is as much above their paltry standard as the heavens are above the earth."

"You mistake me, my dear. I did not wish you to discard him. I only wished there could be some definite understanding between you, and that if he had no intention of matrimony he might not be encouraged to the exclusion of those who have. You are now, my love, entering upon your twenty-fifth year—certainly a marriageable age; and I confess it does not much please me that my eldest daughter should remain long single after the marriage of her younger sister."

"Well, I'm perfectly aware how antediluvian I am, without having it rung in my ears, daily, like a school bell. You've only to blame yourself, ma, for introducing Thyrsa into society at an age when she ought to have been wearing pantalettes and pins. Had you kept her in the shade for awhile, who knows but what some obliging soul might have relieved you of my venerable presence?"

"Don't talk so extravagantly, my child," said the mamma, in her most soothing and honeyed tones. "You well know that was not my fault. The captain fell desperately in love with her, as a mere school-girl. The alliance was one that could not be refused, and it was only proper—that, as the intended wife of such a man, she should see something of the world before entering into its arena, Mrs. Marmion Rush Dulany."

"Well, if the oration, lecture, sermon, or whatever you may please to call it, is ended, I'll retire with a thankful amen by way of conclusion," remarked the dutiful and amiable daughter, as she polkaed her exit from the sitting-room.

"My daughter Thyrsa is to be married, you are aware, to-morrow evening," observed Mrs. Porter Potts, with great dignity, to Emma. "The wedding-party will be a large one. You may wish to be present, and can come in unobserved with Ina. Of course, you will not expect to be introduced, as you are too young to enter society for some time yet."

Perhaps Mrs. Potts had forgotten that her own daughter, who was about to become a matron, was nearly a year Emma's junior! But "circumstances alter cases."

The wedding-party was conducted on a magnificent scale. The arrangements were under the superintendence of that pink of confiseurs—Gautier—and that master of the art of comestibles, in viewing his handiwork, was ready to acknowledge that he had outdone himself. The ceremony took place in the crowded and brilliantly lighted church of St. John's, after which the bride and groom returned to the paternal mansion, from whence they were to start the next morning for a tour to the Lakes. There was a great flashing of champagne and bright eyes in that superb and tasteful scene, and mirth and music was the order of the evening; while some of the most enthusiastic worshippers of Terpsichore got up a "little private party" of trippers on the "light fantastic toe" in the back parlor. "Mr. Morton" was there, and very attentive to Miss Victoria; but, when dancing was

proposed, he resigned her to a young exquisite who claimed the honor of her hand, and sauntered off in search of some one to converse with.

Welby Morton was much caressed. He was a lawyer of some note and wealth, and Mrs. Porter Potts, in speaking of his attachment to her daughter, did not forget to mention that "he was a son of Judge Morton, now in the United States Senate." That his father was also a local preacher in the Methodist connection, she did not deem worthy of note! A young man of talent, fortune, and rank, was Welby Morton, but he did not rely upon these mere extrinsic merits—he had "a name and a fame above the blight of earthly breath;" his habits were correct, his principles noble and high-souled, and a purer heart never throbbed in manly bosom. Miss Victoria had understanding enough to appreciate these, and she valued her supposed conquest accordingly. But she had mistaken her power. Morton sought her company, indeed, but it was merely from the attraction of her wit and vivacity, and he was yet "heart-whole and fancy-free."

He had made up his mind to join Mrs. Potts in the next room, when turning to do so, his attention was attracted by the murmur of a soft voice near him; and he observed for the first time a lady in mourning seated in the recess, with Lolima beside her, gazing into her face, and evidently deeply interested in something she related. The child just then raised her eyes, and seeing him, cried out,

"Oh, Mr. Morton, do come here and listen to this beautiful story Miss Ingle is telling me."

The young gentleman smilingly approached, and bowing to the lady, observed,

"Miss Ingle must be a philosopher if she can withdraw from the gaudies of this scene, and sit down quietly to amuse a child."

Emma blushed and bowed, but did not speak, while he continued,

"I am glad to find that I am not alone in my peculiarity. I presume you, like myself, do not dance. Permit me to ask if you object to this amusement?"

"I do," answered Emma.

"And yet," observed her companion, "it seems an exhilarating and harmless exercise. See with what a breezy gracefulness yonder fair form sways to the sound of the music. That is indeed the poetry of motion."

The quadrille now separated, and soon partners were formed for a *waltz*.

A shade of disgust passed over the fine features of Morton, as he beheld Victoria's figure whirled round in the embrace of a moustachiod fop; but his attention being engaged in an intelligent and animating conversation, he soon became so absorbed in the young and interesting being before him, as to have eyes for no other object.

"Why don't you tell on?" at last said Ina, who had been employed in examining the contents of Morton's porte-monnaie, which she had extracted with all the dexterity of a regularly initiated pick-pocket, and had only been kept quiet thus long by amusing herself with the "pictures on the bank notes."

"Yes," said Emma, rising, "we will go to the nursery, and I will finish the pretty tale."

VOL. I.—No. 9.

The child looked around the brilliantly illuminated apartment, and then said, "No, I don't want to go to that dark room, Miss Ingle."

Emma bent down and whispered, "But, darling, 'tis time you were in bed, and besides it is not dark there—the sweet moon gives a prettier light than all these lamps, and I'll sit by you and sing until your eyes close up, just like the leaves of this flower;" and she pointed to a bud that was wreathed in the shining curls of the little beauty.

Ina put her hand to her head, tore out the flower, looked at it for an instant, and then said with a bright smile, "I am going now, this minute."

"You will of course return when you have pacified the pet," said Morton.

"I think not," replied Emma—"so I will say good-night."

"I am indeed sorry you retire from us so early, but permit me to hope for a more extensive acquaintance," said her new friend cordially.

The Duke here approached, and addressed a remark to Morton, and Emma, bowing, retired from the room, to "sleep—perchance to dream!"

"Well, sis," said Wellington next morning, "you are in a fair way of having a rival. Morton was prodigiously captivated last night. You'd have bit your tongue in two with envy, if you had seen him in a pleasant tete-a-tete with a certain person, while you were flying round with a half-dozen fellows you didn't care a Highland fling for."

"Yes," said Miss Victoria, "his not having learned to dance, leaves him at the mercy of every designing girl in the room; but who was he talking to? I don't remember a superior girl in company, and none other would have attracted Morton's attention."

"Quite self flattering, though rather non-complimentary to your sex. Pray, sis, out of your five hundred very dear and particular friends, haven't you been able to discover one as near perfection perfected as your own immaculate self? But, not to keep you longer in suspense—'twas Miss Emma Ingle who fascinated him."

"Oh, if 'twas only she," was the disdainful response, "I shall not pass many sleepless nights of jealousy; but how did she manage to attract him to her side? I thought she was not to be introduced, but merely to look in for awhile, with Ina in charge, to show her vocation."

"I know no more than that they were sitting vis-a-vis, chatting like old acquaintances, and they got on swimmingly, too. I never saw Morton more animated; but his eyes seemed to be taking a full-length daguerreotype of her, while she sat with her gaze pinned to the carpet—a perfect Madonna, without paint! By the way, Vic, why don't you teach her the art of rougeing? A little, judiciously laid on, would make her less like a moving figure of plaster paris."

"You are so skilled in the art, Mr. Flittergibbet," said the amiable sister, "I wonder you don't give her a lesson in painting yourself."

"Excuse me, sis, I leave that to your sex. We own your superiority as *art-ists*, and always lower our colors to you, as in duty bound," said the pertinacious and would-be witty young gentleman; but conscious that his small reservoir of wit was oozing out, while his sister's was only

gathering fresh strength for an antagonistic display, he wisely determined upon retreat; so, suddenly springing up, he exclaimed, "An idea has just struck me like a brick-bat—*striking* idea that—I must away to Bigelow's—au revoir!" and he made his escape from the wordy torrent.

"A contemptible puppy!" muttered the sister. "He is more insufferable than Milton; but I haven't a congenial mind among all my kindred. I don't know why I was created with such tastes, without it was that I might be more miserable. With but one exception, I hate all mankind, and it's all stuff and nonsense about his being captivated by her milk-and-water face. Yes, he has about as much fallen in love with her as I have with Fido;" and catching the lap-dog by his silky ear, she pitched him whining from the room; then twirling the music stool violently on its pivot, as if bent on its decapitation, she seated herself with a founce, and drummed out her vexation, as usual, on the patient piano.

CHAPTER V.

"My dear Miss Ingle, will you be so good as to listen to this, and to pass your judgment upon it?" said Milton, finding Emma in the sitting-room, sewing, one morning, alone, and opening a voluminous-looking MS. as he spoke. In a voice that showed he understood elocution, if nothing else, he proceeded to enter upon "A History of Life," as his romance was entitled.

"The sun was dying away in the western sky like a slaughtered warrior bathed in his own blood, while the evening star came tenderly forth from its curtained home like a young maiden to soothe the last moments of her departing lover. The twilight breezes, like the fingers of angels dipped in the dews of Eden, were rocking the folded flowers to their nightly repose, and, ever and anon, soft gusts of music from some invisible harp of heavenly intonations lent the sweet influence of poetry to the softened soul of the entranced listener. Daylight was closing her weary eyes, and Nature, pillowed upon the breast of Mother Earth, looked lovely as a sleeping babe, when from a magnificent mansion in New Orleans, where splendor sits enthroned a jewelled queen, issued—"

What it was that issued—whether a grizzly bear or a peerless beauty—remains a thing yet to be revealed, for, at this juncture, Mrs. Potts sailed into the room, and, making some pretext for taking the author off, left Emma very much relieved in not being forced to "pass judgment" upon the immaculate production.

About noon of the day, Ina came into her chamber with a beautiful bouquet "from brother Milton," which, upon opening, she found to contain, concealed in the centre, the following grandiloquent lines;

I've been to the Parnassida heights,
To cull these blooms for thee;
They're dipped in streams of Helicon,
The Poet's fabled seal!

A fitter gift could Milton bring,
The Venus of his soul!
Oh! in each blushing bud you view,
His glowing heart behold!

Emma admired the flowers, and sent her thanks, but never thought again of the verses.

In the evening, she was standing at the hall-window, gazing out upon the sky, and thinking how often, with her mother beside her, she had drank in the deep beauty of the night, while "one by one, silently in the infinite meadows of heaven, blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of angels." Tears were upon her cheek, tears for the bright past faded, and for the dark, ungenial present, when a hand touched her own, and awoke her from the half reverie into which she had fallen. She started to see Milton by her side, and he not observing that she had been weeping, broke forth with a quotation from *Evangeline*:

"And as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow in her footsteps, as out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar."

"Such were the thoughts that inspired Longfellow," he added, "but to me they present another image more natural and dear. Yes, they remind me of two kindred spirits journeying along life's pathway—"

"Together singing, as they shine,
The Hand that made us is Divine."

Here he paused, but noticing, for the first time, Emma's emotion, and ascribing it to the eloquence of his words, he drew nearer, and continued in a warmer and more earnest strain—

"Oh! Emma, beautiful and beloved! would our destinies were the same. How gladly, like that star, would I follow your bright track, content to be eclipsed by your effulgence, so that I might be near you—near you for ever!"

"Why, Miss Ingle, I thought you were in the nursery with Ina. It is quite an unusual circumstance to find you here. Are you not afraid of the draft of night air?" said a considerate voice, seconded by the appearance of the Argus-eyed Mrs. Porter Potts.

Emma noticed the tone of insinuation, but merely said—

"Ina was asleep, and I came down with the intention of joining you in the sitting-room, but was attracted to the window by the beauty of the night, and have been star-gazing ever since."

"I presume you came here to give Miss Ingle lessons in her favorite study of astronomy," observed his mamma, turning to Milton. "I must beg pardon for obtruding upon your observatory."

Emma felt vexed, and moved off to her room, where the remainder of the evening was spent in sad reflections, and in prayer for that charity which "beareth all things, and forgiveth all things." When at length she laid her head upon the pillow, it was with the sweet consciousness that the presence of the Almighty was around her, and beneath "were the everlasting arms."

As for the poor poet, he devoted half the night to the composition of some verses, which he thought would strengthen the impression he supposed made upon the object of his love. Accordingly, the next morning brought Emma the following:—

Whene'er you turn your eyes to mine,
There's sunshine in my soul;
But when you turn those orbs away,
All's dark again and cold!

Then look upon me, lovely maid;
Regard thy lover's sigh;
And let me feel my love's return;
Oh! quickly, ere I die!

Very dear art thou unto me,
Sweet Emma, cousin fair;
And I'll love thee ever fondly
Let pride or riches sneer.

And I'll woo thee for my own dear bride,
And win thee for my flower,
Nor sigh for those who pine for me
In fashion's jewelled bower!

Then rest upon this bosom—
Thy home is ever there;
And the wealth of love-in-a-cottage
We'll together fondly share!

This could not be misunderstood, and poor Emma hastened to undeceive him. Milton's passion was an evincive and exhibitive one, and she had been unconsciously feeding the flame, by her appreciative manner of receiving attentions she never dreamed prompted by aught save natural kindness of heart; and even such sympathy was something to the unnoticed orphan, and grateful it was to find one smiling countenance amid all the frowns that made winter of the atmosphere around her. A shallow mind is sometimes capable of a depth of love equaling and even surpassing that of a superior; and la grande passion was with poor Milton a genuine and fervent reality, gradually ennobling and dignifying a weak and paltry nature. Alas, that disappointment should come between his hopes!

CHAPTER VI.

"Well, Ina, how do you like your new governess?" asked Morton, catching that young lady in his arms, as she bounded past him on the piazza. The little beauty paused and looked down for a moment in very deep thought, the glossy lashes that fringed a pair of laughing blue eyes resting on her fair cheek like a passing shadow upon a sunny lake. At last, she looked up, suddenly and beautifully, a glow of feeling radiating her young brow, as she said—

"It would take a long while, Mr. Morton, to tell you how much I like her. Oh, I love her so very, very much!" and the enthusiastic little creature clapped her dimpled hands, as if to give force to her words.

"She is not like Mamselle, then?" observed Morton.

The child's expressive features crimsoned up with pettishness, as she exclaimed—

"You know she isn't, or I wouldn't love her; but she won't let me hate Mamselle, though, not after I told her how bad she was; and she was a wicked thing, Mr. Morton. Would you believe it, one day, she slapped my hands, and called me a little vixen, just because I wouldn't get that hard lesson, and then she locked the nursery door so I couldn't run to tell ma on her, and threatened, if I didn't stop crying, she would shut me up in the dark closet where she kept a

dreadful great lion to eat me up; but I wouldn't stop for her, and so she tied my hands to keep me from tearing my book; and then I stamped and made all sorts of noises, and she came a tied my feet, and said if I didn't hush screaming she would tongue-tie me, too; so I hushed up, then, but I told ma and pa and brother Milton how she had been going on, and they made her behave herself."

"And how does Miss Ingle treat you?" asked Morton, much amused.

"Oh, she doesn't ever do so. She tells me beautiful stories and sings, oh, such sweet songs, and she never gives me any hard lessons, (and here we would observe, *par parenthesis*, how love lightens a child's studies,) and I'm enough smarter than when Mamselle taught me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Morton, laughing at her earnestness.

"And that's the why I love her, and you would love her, too, if she learnt you that way, wouldn't you, Mr. Morton?"

The young gentleman colored very strangely at the artless question, while Ina resumed—

"Oh, you ought to hear me say the pretty prayer she made me. Brother Milton wrote it down for himself, and he wrote it for me, too, and I've kept it ever since in my bosom. Wouldn't you like to read it?" and she pulled it forth, and held it out to him.

"Yes, very much," said her friend.

"Well, I'll let you; but you must give it back."

"I will, certainly, the next time I see you. So good-bye, pet," and the young lawyer changed his mind about going in, and went back to his office. The first thing he did was to read the paper Ina had given him. It was "An evening prayer for little Lolina," and ran thus—

Holy Father, through the day,
Thou hast gently cleared my way;
And from morn to eventide
Hast Thou been my constant guide;
Thus, as gleams the twilight dew,
In the violet's eye of blue;
And while lilies offer up
Incense in their fragrant cup,
I would, on the bended knee,
Send up heart-praise, Lord, to Thee!
Oh! if on my sunny path
I have caused one shade of wrath;
If a sinful thought hath reast
In the calm lake of my breast
Scatter every wave of sin,
Mirror but Thyself within!
Through the coming scenes of life,
With their struggle, with their strife,
Let me feel that Thou art near,
Calming every doubt and fear,
Then shall thornless flowers bloom—
Stars light up this vale of gloom.
Holy Father! while I sleep,
Let Thine angel vigils keep,
Round my couch with wings outspread,
Shielding my defenceless head;
And if I should pass away
Ere the rosy dawn of day,
Yet my spirit, mid the night,
Shall go forth with "robes of light!"

For some time after the perusal of these lines,

the lawyer sat with bowed head and thoughtful brow. At length, he started up, abruptly, exclaiming—

"Shame, shame, that a girl of her mind and heart should be doomed to such a fate!" Again he sat down, and again read, and when he next arose it was with a serene countenance; and he murmured, "Oh, for such purity and faith!" Blackstone was a sealed volume that day, and Vidal was in a fair way of growing musty.

CHAPTER VII.

"Ma, why don't we spend our Christmas in the country?" said the Duke, one clear morning in early December. "One has such finer frolics there than in town—sleighting and snow-balling in particular, and all the amusements of the season in general."

"Yes, ma," seconded Miss Victoria; "do, I'm sure 'twill be so gay and delightful."

"No doubt," muttered the father, "coughs, colds, rheumatisms and doctors' bills are very delightful, eh!"

"A fig for all disagreeables!" cried Wellington; "I'm determined to have some fun out there, let who will stay behind. How you'll all envy me my bachelor's-hall jollification."

"We shall go, ma, shan't we?" queried Miss Victoria.

The lady was a very indulgent mother; so after a few struggles with prudence, she yielded and answered yes. The necessary preparations were made accordingly, and the week preceding Christmas found them transiently domesticated at the Villa, as Mrs. Porter Potts had aristocratically called their country-seat. It was a noble place, and within a convenient distance from town; so invitations were issued for a party, at which they expected to see all their Richmond friends. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," and they were doomed to be disappointed; for the skies that had all along worn their blandest smiles, suddenly changed their aspect, and on the evening in question there was such a tempest of snow and hail as would have precluded the idea of any one's taking a jaunt for pleasure. Morton, who had come out during the day, was their only guest; his presence, however, on Miss Victoria's part, compensated for all other absences, though we cannot say the same for her mother, who, poor lady, while she beheld the waste of luscious delicacies, was seized with an agony of remorse for having been so foolish as to leave town at such a season. The young lawyer seemed unusually taciturn, and Miss Victoria exerted all her powers of pleasantry to arouse him. She tried all her "Schotisches," and her fair ringlets danced the Polka over the piano keys in a manner that might have excited the jealousy of Elsie; but there sat Morton, after all her efforts, stolid and silent as a bronzed statue. She was going to remark on his abstraction, when a loud knocking at the door startled her "almost into spasms," as she declared.

Mr. Potts himself answered the summons, and on opening the door, encountered a gale of wind and snow, that swept him back several paces.

"Phew! this is severe weather," he grumbled, rallying again.

"Yes," said a deep sonorous voice, "it is very inclement. Would you afford me shelter for the night, sir?"

Mr. Potts had never felt more disposed to pronounce a negative, but his better feelings would not allow him to turn a human being away to perish; so he said rather gruffly "Come in," as he scanned what he thought a very suspicious figure.

The "unbidden guest" entered the drawing-room quite unceremoniously, and bowing slightly, drew a chair to the stove, pulled off his heavy gloves, and rubbing his hands together vigorously, seemed resolved to make himself as much at home as possible. His appearance was calculated to excite attention. His form was above the ordinary height, and very athletic; a coat whose "last days" were evidently not their "best," hung loosely to his figure as a scare crow to a post; and a pair of ponderous boots encased his nether extremities. A red silk handkerchief was tied over his hat, and muffled his features from view, but when this was removed, a start of surprise ensued from Morton, followed by a repelling glance from the stranger. None had noticed the recognition, and after playing the "Rogue's March," Miss Victoria observed confidentially to Morton—

"What an object! If he is not 'fit for murders, stratagems and spoils,' Lavater's philosophy of the physiognomy goes for nothing. What huge, overhanging eye-brows, and such ferocious eyes! They make me shudder; I wish he had not chosen to be so hospitable. I shall not close my lids while he is beneath the roof."

Her companion smiled as he said, "There have been instances where angels came in disguise, and were entertained unawares—perhaps this is to be one of them."

A sarcastic reply was interrupted by the appearance of Emma, who had observed the stranger from the next room where she had been sewing, and with modest and winning grace, came forward and invited the old gentleman in to partake of some refreshments which she had begged her stately cousin might be prepared for the purpose. He was indeed both hungry and wet, and thanked her heartily for the offer. The meal ended, and his travel-stained clothes freed from damp by the glowing anthracite fire, the old gentleman entered into conversation with his young companion.

He picked up a book that lay on the pier-table, and glancing at the title-page, found it to be one of Dumas' most vitiating novels. He threw it down and enquired, "Do you read Dumas?"

"I do not—I saw the nature of his 'Guardman' in a glance, and shall never open the work again," replied Emma.

"That is a good resolve," said the old man. "Turn from a French novel as you would from the deadliest viper; and indeed, my dear young lady, it were best, believe me, if you never looked into a romance—but I suppose, like most persons of your age, you are fond of fiction."

"Indeed, sir," said Emma, "I have indulged so little in that kind of reading, that I may be considered incapable of passing judgment."

"You are for proscribing all works of a fictitious character then?" said the stranger.

"No, sir," answered Emma—"I have no doubt there are some of this class, whose incidents, found-

ed on history or fact, exert a healthy and improving influence both on the heart and the understanding. Many of these books I do not suppose capable of injuring, and their authors, I am sure, have written little that 'dying they would wish to blot.'"

Here, raising her eyes, they encountered such a gaze of admiration from those of Morton, as sent the blood thrilling to her brow. He had moved nearer the door and heard almost every word she uttered, while she, unconscious of any listener, save the old man, had expressed her thoughts freely.

Lawyer Morton was allotted the handsomely furnished "guest-chamber," while the old man was shewn to a small unused apartment—kneeling upon whose uncarpeted floor, he gave thanks for shelter to Him who once "had not where to lay His head." At an early hour next morning Morton took his departure—the weather having cleared off beautifully—accompanied by the stranger, to whom he had politely offered a seat in his carriage.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Who do you think is in Richmond, my dear?" said Mr. Potts the first thing after his return from the city that evening.

"Oh, don't make guesses of us, like the Yankees," cried his amiable spouse. "Tell us in the straight forward English manner, and be done with it."

"Thank you for the compliment to my nationality, my dear. Well, then, Judge Morton has arrived. I met Morton as I was starting out, and he mentioned that his father was with him, and would preach in the Methodist chapel to-morrow morning. Of course, he will expect to see us there."

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Potts: "but what a pity he is a Methodist! I am astonished a man of his greatness should have joined such a denomination. There certainly is no accounting for tastes. However, one of his distinction, gives eclat to whatever he undertakes. I only wish we could have had him to officiate for us. We must pay him every attention in our power, and have him to dine with us."

"What a vulgar taste the old gentleman must possess to belong to those horrid shouting Methodists!" observed Miss Victoria.

"Don't express any prejudice against them to his son, my love, whatever may be your private opinion."

"I hardly need dictation on that subject," tartly returned the young lady. "Give me leave to possess some little brains of my own."

"Well, darling, I only gave you a hint," soothingly observed the mamma.

Mrs. Porter Potts was herself reared a Methodist, but as soon as she escaped from the paternal control, thinking the established church was more fashionable and refined, she forthwith rented the most eligible pew therein, and from her constant attendance and emphatic responses, came to be regarded as a pattern of devoutness!

The double carriage was in requisition at the proper hour next morning, to convey the aristocratic family to worship, and as the roads were

in fine order from the late snow, Milton proposed that the sleigh might be gotten ready for Miss Ingle and Ina, and that *he* would drive. To this plan his mother started many objections, but finally reluctantly acceded, and in a fever of anxiety at the idea of a *tete-a-tete* between "the lovers," (as she considered them) she saw them precede her on the road; insisting, however, that the footman should follow them on horseback, in case of any accident that might take place, for "Milton was so unaccustomed to driving." He was, to be sure, very little accustomed to any other steed, save his Pegasus; nevertheless, he managed from the absence of the jingling sleigh-bells to confuse him, finally to deposit his precious freight at the church door in safety.

Here all was new to the Potts'. The plain interior, the absence of the organ, the custom of the sexes occupying separate seats, the ordinary appearance of some of the worshippers, and the brief, unadorned opening services, all afforded matter for whispered comment.

The entrance of two plainly dressed ladies into their pew, occasioned a shrinking in Miss Victoria, accompanied by a stage-whisper of "Ma, don't you smell onions? I believe some vulgar person has been eating them! Pah! I can't breathe here," and the fastidious young lady, despite her mother's remonstrance, moved into another seat, where a glimpse of Morton in one of the "amen pews," kept her motionless the remainder of the service.

A young clergyman was reading the hymn. "That cannot be the Judge," she said to herself.

But there was another figure behind him, half-hidden by the high, old-fashioned pulpit, and when the prayer and anthem were ended, that figure rose slowly, until drawing itself up to its full height, its almost gigantic proportions stood out clearly to the gazing assemblage. Could it be possible? Yes, there was their old and ill-treated guest before them! What could it mean? Could Judge Morton be that old man? and could he be the minister who was about to address them? The naturally unblushing Victoria Regia grew crimson, but her more obtuse mamma only murmured "a disappointment!"

The keen, eagle eye of Judge Morton—for he it was—rested on them for a moment, as, in his full, metallic tones, he announced his text, selected from the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel: "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto Me."

Oh, how witheringly he spoke of the sycophant, the worshipper of wealth and greatness—who bends the supple knee, "that thrift may follow fawning." How he dwelt on the example of the meek and lowly Jesus, who hath said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven," and who, for the "cup of cold water given in His name," would at the latter day, in "welcoming the blessed of His Father," pronounce "For as much as ye did it unto the least of these My servants, ye did it unto Me!" Never had they heard blended such eloquence, learning and pathos in any similar discourse. The "ambassador of Christ" had done what the mere member of Congress would

have failed to do, and in that crowded congregation, composed of different denominations, there was scarcely an eye not swimming with emotion.

As for Emma, she was ready to exclaim with the Psalmist, "How beautiful are Thy Tabernacles, oh Lord of Hosts;" for in this simple Sanctuary, her spirit had ascended on the ladder of the preacher's thoughts, and brought down the waters of refreshment into her soul.

Judge Morton did not dine with Mrs. Porter Potts that day! Pity the sorrows of poor Mrs. Potts!

CHAPTER IX.

For the satisfaction of our readers, who may wish a "little more light on the subject," we may say that the carriage of Judge Morton had broken down, near Richmond, on that fatal night, and that, dispatching his servants to town, he had sought shelter in the nearest habitation, which proved to be that of Mrs. Porter Potts.

Poor Mrs. Potts! she strove by every reparation in her power to do away the unfavorable impression, but all seemed of "none effect;" and she had relapsed into an absolute despair, when the sight of Judge Morton's handsome travelling equipage, drawing up at the door, inspired her with fresh hopes. Miss Victoria exclaimed, as she saw young Morton descend with his father, "I knew *he* could not live long out of my presence!" and danced off to perform a more elaborate and overcoming toilette, for his especial benefit.

While she was thus employed, Miss Ingle was summoned from the nursery, and without knowing who were the visitors that awaited her, went down in her plain black dress, and little silk apron, looking so bewitchingly lovely in her simplicity, that Morton could not help thinking of "beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

Of what then and there transpired, I am without official account, but this we know, that Mrs. Porter Potts was heard to exclaim, some time after the conclusion of the conference:

"This comes of noticing poor relations! and this is the way I am repaid for my kindness in taking that ungrateful girl into my house, and treating her like my own child! But it was always so—I never did a kind act in my life without bitterly repenting it!"

Here, Milton entered, and catching her last words, thereupon broke forth:

"Oh ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away."

"Oh, do hush your nonsense," said his excited mamma. "This is all your fault, you perverse, headstrong boy!"

"For what am I held accountable, oh, most gentle mother?" asked the poor poet.

"Don't ask me," was the savage response. "Why if you had not put yourself on an equality with this Ingle girl, and encouraged her airs and graces, she would never have been elevated to be the wife of Welby Morton."

"Wife of Welby Morton! What do you mean, mother?" and poor Milton staggered back.

"Mean? why, simply, that this young upstart has succeeded in entrapping Morton, whom every one supposed engaged to your sister; and the end of it will be that poor Victoria's heart will be broken, and I shall be driven crazy!"

The young man grew very pale, and put his hand to his forehead, as if to collect his dizzied thoughts.

"And so, she is to be another's," at last he murmured; "then farewell to the dream so fondly cherished, and with it, all life can give! Fate has done its worst—I smile at its farther vengeance. The whirlwind took me up at my birth, and has never yet set me down. Ah! unfortunate being that I am; again I am afloat like a weed on the bosom of the ocean, impelled and tossed about by the blast of cruel destiny!"

"Stop your rhodomontade!" ordered the exasperated mamma. "Your partiality for this abominable girl always disgusted me, and now I am sickened beyond endurance. You ought to blush to think what a dolt you have made of yourself—and she—deceitful creature! to encourage you until she found some one she liked better, and then to cast you off like"—and Mrs. Potts ended with the elegant simile of "an old shoe." "But you must despise her now, poor, silly boy."

"Mother," interrupted the son, and he spoke gravely and sternly, "I do not despise her—and I tell you it can never soothe my feelings to hear her spoken of in such terms. She came here a 'lily among thorns;' her orphan and forlorn state excited my pity, and her many excellencies won at last my love. I offered her that love—she declined it; yet I still hoped her scruples might yield to the strength of my affection. This hope has proved false, but she has not. She is incapable of baseness, and never, mother, I beg of you, in my presence, couple her name with such language as you have used to-day. She has preferred another—and upon that other, the highest praise I can bestow is, *he is worthy of her*, and to him I resign her, a treasure that a monarch might be proud of. Oh, Emma, may you be as happy as I am miserable."

"May your home
Smile for you ever; may no winter come,
No world between your hearts' may e'en your tears,
For my sake, full of long remembered years,
Quicken the true affections that entwine
Your lives in one bright bond!"

And the stricken, but magnanimous poet, retired to the solitude of his study, there to give vent to the feelings that were brimming over his heart. Poor Milton!

Morton did not require a long courtship. He was already familiar enough with Emma's nature to entrust his happiness into her keeping, without hesitancy, and was only too impatient to pledge his life, fortune, and sacred honor, for that purpose, at the hymeneal altar. So, in five weeks from that time, the unpretending little Emma Ingle became the bride of the talented and commanding Lawyer Morton. Every honor and attention was paid the young wife—the Potts' alone held aloof, but they were at last compelled to surrender, and the panic of the "small-note"

issue, having made a wreck of the bank, they were glad to accept shelter, and temporary support beneath the roof of the despised and insulted governess. Through Judge Morton's influence, Mr. Potts succeeded in obtaining a clerkship in one of the departments, and has moved to the Metropolis, where his stately lady is obliged to hide her "diminished head," and economise on a thousand per year. Victoria Regia has been supplanted by blooms of a newer date, and has the prospect of dying like the Phoenix, unmated!

The duke is as great a "swell" as ever. The Presidential election having resulted in the succession of his favorite party, he carries enough gas to inflate a balloon, and purposes retiring from the "paths of glory, that lead but to the grave," and becoming a stipendiary of the Government! Thyrsa has returned to her father's house, a widow—a sadder, but a wiser woman. She has found that "all is not gold that glitters," her husband having nothing to boast of save his epaulettes, which his frequent military peccadilloes tarnished, and at last deprived him of. Milton, guided by his cousin's judicious suggestions, has improved so much in style, as to have become a popular caterer for the literary public, and has lately appeared as an editor. "Little Ina" is residing with Emma, to whom she is passionately attached; she is rapidly expanding into graceful womanhood, and under her cousin's gentle teachings, bids fair to avoid those faults of education and disposition, which have rendered her sisters miserable, and, like her preceptress, honorably and beautifully to fulfil her destiny. A more congenial connection never was formed than that of Welby Morton and Emma Ingie. Every taste and principle was in unison; no jarring chord ever interrupted the perfect harmony of their lives, and when trials came (as clouds must sometimes dim our horizon to remind us that earth is not Heaven—they were lightened with smiles of resignation, for they possessed that—

"Spirit of beauty
Which looks upon all for the best;
And while it discharges its duty,
To Providence leaves all the rest.

That spirit's the beam of devotion!
It leads us through life to its close,
And sets like the sun in the ocean,
More beautiful far than it rose."